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A

CONGRATULATORY LETTER

TO

THE REV. WILLIAM ATKINSON, M.A.

FELLOW OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

On his Appearance in the Character of

A P R I N T E R ;

WITH

R E M A R K S

On the several PAPERS that have issued from his Press.

"He, like an Hypocritical Brother,
"Profess'd one thing, and did another;
"For all things, where they're most profess,
"Are found to be regarded least."

BUTLER.

L O N D O N

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1876



LONDON

A

CONGRATULATORY LETTER

TO

THE REV. WILLIAM ATKINSON.

PERMIT me, Sir, to congratulate you on your appearance in a new character, and to express a wish that the laurels you acquired as a *sailor* may receive an honourable addition from your fame and popularity as a *Printer*. This, I think, you may justly expect; for the dangers you may have to encounter in this new character, will, probably, be equal to those which you surmounted with so much valour and intrepidity in the other. The difficulty you found in getting your former papers printed, on account of the freedom you took in describing scenes that had never been exhibited, and introducing actors who had never performed, naturally suggested to you a *press*

of your own; which would enable you, uncontrouled by the fears or decorum of a Printer, to bring on the stage any characters you might think proper, and assign them any parts which your benevolence or piety might suggest. You have now, Sir, accomplished your design, and present to the World, for the first time, *an ingenious and laborious Priest*, who is not only the Author, but the Printer of his own compositions. Not content with displaying your eloquence from the pulpit, and attacking, with equal fury, the vices and innocent amusements of your Parishioners, you are now pouring your thunder from another engine, much more formidable, because it can be more frequently employed. But that there is some degree of fairness as well as spirit in this conduct, I am ready to admit. Within the sacred circle of the pulpit, you were perfectly safe; and whatsoever, or whomsoever, you were pleased to attack, you had no reason to dread either assault or opposition. But you have now, with a magnanimity that does you honour, descended from your fortress; and, by assuming the character of a Printer, have put yourself on a level with the meanest of your Parishioners.

shioners. On this ground I hasten to meet you, *et populi circumstante corona*, will leave them to judge of the courage and dexterity of the combatants.

To drop the metaphor: I purpose, Sir, in the following papers, in the character of *a Reviewer* (which I believe I have as good a claim to as your friend the Doctor) to examine the contents of the several papers that have issued from your press. If you discover any change either in the language or manner of my address, you must attribute it to your own change of character, and not expect that attention and reverence for the Printer which was justly due to the sacred character of the Priest. I flatter myself you will do me the honour to attend me through the following investigation; and remain,

S I R,

With due respect,

Your very humble servant,

T R I M.

BRADFORD, }
Oct. 18, 1790. }

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Town of Bradford wants not to be informed on what authority the papers examined in the following pages are attributed to Mr. Atkinson; but it may not be improper to acquaint the Public that the distributor of these papers declares, and is ready to make oath (if required) that John Blaymires, Mr. Atkinson's compositor, delivered these papers to him, and told him that he brought them from Mr. Atkinson's press for him to publish and dispose of.

TRIM believes that no person, *now*, will hesitate to believe that *every number* of the Old Looking-Glass was written by the Authors of the New. The sentiments and language of the latter, with the vulgar and groundless abuse with which it abounds, are so exactly similar to what appeared in the former, that no man, who has any knowledge of these matters, can doubt, for a moment, that they come from the same manufactory. But to remove any doubts that might be entertained on this head, Mr. Atkinson has taken upon him

him to print and publish a continuation of the work, under the same name. This is manly and satisfactory; and, at the same time, shews his discretion, as it will secure to him the honour arising from this ingenious publication, and prevent its being bestowed, either through ignorance or malignity, upon *another*.

As to the difference of stile and temper, which, he fears, is too visible in the following papers, TRIM will frankly own, that Mr. Atkinson's last publication has robbed him of some part of that good temper which he has, hitherto, had the happiness to preserve. It is not because he feels *himself* deeply injured; but because he cannot see highly-respected characters vilified and traduced, merely because they have behaved with civility to *him*, without some degree of concern and indignation.

But, after having been held forth to the World by Mr. Busfield as a *profligate character*; and, after having been accused by Mr. Atkinson of *Adultery* and *Murder*, he believes the Public will require no apology for that warmth and resentment which they must naturally expect.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE PAPERS

PRINTED BY

THE REV. WILLIAM ATKINSON.

I PROCEED to consider the first number of Mr. Atkinson's Looking-Glass (which it must be owned reflects no bad image of himself) and which may be styled, *The First Act of the Printer's Comedy*. The Public will judge from the following remarks with what truth and propriety the several Characters are supported. After having * again bestowed much abuse on a worthy and respectable Character, Mr. Atkinson proceeds to say "that he has prejudiced Lord Thurlowe against a worthy Divine;" by which it is understood that he means *himself*. I shall take no notice of the modesty of this intimation; but observe that the charge is *prima facie* false; for the Gentleman alluded to never had any kind of intercourse, either by letter, or otherwise, with that Nobleman. Mr. Atkinson adds, that

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" he

* A few weeks before his Looking-Glass appeared, Mr. Atkinson printed a Ballad on this Gentleman, which *THE* would lay before the Public, but it is so *low*, so *scandalous*, and so *blackguard*, that he should be ashamed to copy it; and he is sure, if he did, that *his* Printer would not convey it to the World.

“ he extorted from Mr. Busfield, under pretence of an affectionate regard for his Brother, the accounts of that Gentleman’s proceedings during his stay in London.” What passed between Mr. Busfield and Mr. Sagar, I know not ; but I can assert, with confidence and truth, that I never received any kind of intelligence relative to Mr. Atkinson’s proceedings in Town, either from the Gentleman alluded to, or any other person. All that TRIM either knew or said relative to the matter in question was, that Mr. Busfield declared, soon after his Brother’s return, that the Chancellor’s answer to Judge Wilson, who applied on behalf of his Brother, was, *that the living of Bingley was at the Judge’s disposal, and that he might give it to whom he pleased.* This, I suppose, is the important secret extorted from Mr. Busfield, and which is supposed to have been communicated to TRIM merely because the latter knew it ; and he knew it, because Mr. Busfield had wisely communicated it to every company he went into. That TRIM never believed this assertion of Mr. Busfield, he makes no scruple to avow, not only because he had no great opinion of his veracity, but because he had been told, previous to Mr. Busfield’s declaration, by a Clergyman, that he had seen a letter from Sir William Faucit to Mr. Aked, in which he informed that Gentleman that he might have the Vicarage of Bingley, if he thought it worth acceptance. What induced Mr. Busfield to make this assertion, which he knew to be *false*, TRIM knows not, no more than he knows what has induced his Worship to make many other declarations of the same honourable tendency *. That this, like many other assertions of this Gentleman,

* Mr. Busfield says that he never informed TRIM that he corrected and prepared for the Press Mr. Zouch’s Publications. Whether he did or not, the Public will judge from the following circumstance; that, above three years

Gentleman, was injurious to, and brought much ridicule on his Brother, is certain, because his friends, taking Mr. Busfield's assertion for truth, and knowing that the Chancellor would not violate a promise, once made, proceeded to congratulate him on his preferment. Mr. Atkinson adds, that Mr. Sagar communicated the information he received from Mr. Busfield (and which every body knew as well as himself) to another Gentleman *for a Glass of Brandy*. That the intelligence alluded to was not worth a Glass of Brandy, is certain; but, nevertheless, Mr. Atkinson's reflection on this Gentleman is equally scandalous and unmerited. When the Public are told that Mr. Sagar is in possession of a better fortune than the whole Family of the Atkinsons were *born* to, that he makes a benevolent and humane use of it, and that he has contributed, annually, out of his own purse, to Mr. Atkinson's support, they will be at a loss which to admire most, the insolence or ingratitude of this conduct.

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Mr.

years ago (a few days after he had received this information) TRIM mentioned it to several Gentlemen at a time when he had no misunderstanding with Mr. Busfield, and could not possibly have any temptation to relate any thing to his disadvantage. Besides he had, then, seen several of Mr. Busfield's compositions; and will freely own that he never should have suspected that this Gentleman corrected and improved the compositions of others, if he had not received this intelligence from his own mouth.—But the following will, perhaps, afford a more striking proof of this Gentleman's veracity. Mr. Busfield generally entertains his *new acquaintance* with a book of drawings, his own performance, and, at the same time, informs them, that Mr. Edwards of Halifax has repeatedly offered him 200 l. (his son says *two thousand*) for permission to present the Public with these valuable and picturesque representations. But the *truth* is, Mr. Edwards never saw these drawings, or offered him a single shilling for them. The Public, no doubt, will be astonished at the wonderful progress made by *young Bounce*, in one science, but this surprize will naturally decrease, when they consider that he has before him *two* excellent examples to copy;

Et Pater Æneas, et Avunculus excitat Hector.

VING.

Mr. Atkinson proceeds to say, "that he congratulates another Gentleman upon the unexpected success of his expedition to Scarborough, and the very kind reception he met with from his *bosom friend*, the Chancellor." To this TRIM replies that he never heard of the Gentleman alluded to paying a visit to the Chancellor, neither does he believe that he ever stiled him his bosom friend, because this Gentleman was never known to deal in *gasconade*, but leaves this honourable practice to Mr. Atkinson's pompous Brother, who has long been in the habit of talking of connections he never had, and of boasting of friendships he never formed. Neither is it true (as Mr. Atkinson asserts) that TRIM referred the Chancellor to this Gentleman for a character of a worthy Divine, or that he ever had a line from his Lordship relative, in any degree, to Mr. Atkinson. He had, indeed, the pleasure to be informed that his Lordship had done him the honour to read *The Remarks on Two of the most singular Characters of the Age*; and, as Knaves and Fools are as much his Lordship's detestation as TRIM's, he was much pleased with an exhibition benevolently designed for their correction and amendment.

But why does Mr. Atkinson suppose, that a Gentleman, who always behaved to him with politeness, and has long been in habits of intimacy with his Brother, would take any step that was likely to prove injurious either to his reputation or prosperity?—Because, he tells us, that he has offended him, by observing one day, when he had left him, "that he had been in company with a *muddy-headed dog*." That Mr. Atkinson made this observation, I believe, because he tells us so himself; but, that it ever reached the Gentleman alluded to, I much doubt; and am certain, that if it had, however insolent and unmerited the reflection was,

was, it would have excited in him no degree either of resentment or emotion. *

Mr. Atkinson adds with a sneer, that this Gentleman was chosen a Governor of Bradford School for his *Piety*. This was intended, no doubt, as a reflection on the Governors; but when Mr. Atkinson is informed that no one of the present Governors had the pleasure of concurring in this Gentleman's election (for he was chosen before them all) he will be sensible of the impropriety as well as innocence of his remark. But Mr. Atkinson, it seems, has taken offence at these Gentlemen, because *one* of their body would not be directed by *him* in the exercise of his duty, and because the others had too high a sense of their own honour, as well as too sacred a regard to justice, to receive for truth, without evidence, his Brother's false and malevolent accusations. That Mr. Busfield is much displeased with the Governors for voting his charges *groundless*, I can easily conceive; and I make no doubt that it is to this circumstance that these Gentlemen are indebted for the abuse bestowed on them both individually and collectively, by Mr. William Atkinson. But Mr. Busfield, far from having any ground of complaint against these Gentlemen, has a very serious and solemn atonement to make for the insult he has offered them, by sending to each of them a declaration, under his own hand, that he had two very material witnesses

to

* This reflection, in Mr. Atkinson's publication, is preceded by a remark, "that he had been studying Lavater, and was a little unfortunate in one of his essays." He was, indeed, unfortunate in *this instance*; for, if TRIM may be permitted to speak (and he knows no reason why he may not be permitted to speak the truth) where is

That feast of Reason and that flow of Soul,
which distinguish the Man of Sense, Urbanity, and Wit, to be enjoyed to greater perfection than at his hospitable mansion?

to support his charges, when he knew that no such witnesses existed. But Mr. Stott, according to Mr. William Atkinson, was to have been brought in, and then, with his charitable assistance, the charges were to have been voted true *without evidence*. That Mr. Atkinson's supposition is well founded, I will not believe; for I cannot think that Mr. Stott (whatever may be Mr. Atkinson's opinion of him) nor any of the Members of this respectable body, would have been led by the malice and resentment of this Gentleman and his Brother to do an act which would have been as flagrant for its illegality as injustice *. That Mr. Busfield, who has brought charges against the Master holding him forth to the World as a profligate character (which charges he knew to be *false*) would do any thing to injure his reputation, or effect his ruin, I believe; but I hope and believe, at the same time, that Mr. Busfield is not one of the Governors of Bradford School: for, in examining the book, which contains the transactions of this Society, I find no entry made of his election. How worthy he is of becoming a Member of this body, which he has grossly insulted, and on several of the Members of which his Brother has bestowed

* That any of the Governors, who are the natural guardians of the School, and protectors of the Master, approve of Mr. Atkinson's attempt to destroy the reputation of the one, and injure the character of the other, TRIM will not believe: but, if there is a *single Governor* disposed to believe Mr. Atkinson's accusations, TRIM begs leave to suggest, whether it would not be a proper, as well as a fair and manly step in this Gentleman, to request Mr. Atkinson to attend the Governors with his *Looking-Glass*, that they may carefully and deliberately examine the several objects it presents. If ever this measure is adopted (and TRIM seriously wishes it may) he pledges himself to prove that this *black book*, the manufacture of a Reverend Divine, a Worshipful Justice, and a Doctor of Physic, though it contains all the *charity* of the one, and all the *truth* of the other, made into a dose as nauseous as Ippeacuhanna by the ingenuity of the third, contains nothing but a series of *scandalous falsehoods*, the invention of weak heads, suggested by mischievous and uncharitable hearts.

ed the foulest abuse (and which there is no reason to think *he* disapproves of) is a matter for their consideration.

From these observations I flatter myself that it appears evident to the Public that the charge brought by Mr. Atkinson against Mr. Sagar has not the least foundation in truth; and, as for the charge against another Gentleman (which I believe to be equally groundless) it becomes Mr. Atkinson, if he is unwilling to pass for a slanderer of an amiable and much-respected character, to produce some proof of the very serious and criminal accusation he has advanced.

I shall now proceed to consider the several charges he has brought against *myself*. Mr. Atkinson has been pleased to say, that TRIM, fond of cards and dissipation himself, led a Lady to a life of dissipation and ruin. This is a serious and very heavy charge; but, happily for TRIM, there is no truth in it. The Fact is, that the Lady alluded to, after she was married, never sat down to a card-table, or was seen in an assembly-room; and that TRIM, far from being addicted to cards himself, never played a dozen times in his life, before he saw Bradford; for the truth of which, he believes the badness of his play will be a sufficient voucher.

The Public will judge of the delicacy and feeling heart of Mr. Atkinson in reproaching TRIM with a family misfortune, to which he was, in no degree, accessory, and in tearing open, with savage hands, a wound that had long since closed. Was TRIM to treat Mr. and * Mrs. Busfield
with

* TRIM takes this opportunity of paying a compliment to Mrs. Busfield, which, he flatters himself, neither that Lady, or the Public, will be displeased
with.

with the same freedom his Brother has treated *him* and a Lady, of whom, it appears, he knows nothing, and to dive into the cause of the singular felicity which has attended *their* nuptials, he would, perhaps, have little reason to fear either the censure or disapprobation of the Public: but far from being disposed to do this, he sincerely wishes them a continuance of that harmony and uninterrupted tenderness, which has, hitherto, made them the envy of their neighbours, and which should always be the characteristic of *Myrtle Grove*, the favourite abode of Venus and of Love. And, whenever their happiness ends, (as every thing mortal must end) and they are removed from the reach of vulgar bodies to the stately * MAUSOLEUM which awaits them, may they repose, side by side, in peaceful slumber,

emblematic

with. When TRIM said that Mr. Busfield's discretion was *exemplary*, the Public smiled, not knowing that he was serious, and alluded to the *Milk-Trade*, carried on by this Gentleman to an extent, and managed with a degree of acuteness never before displayed in the West-Riding. Mr. Busfield declares that he clears *four score pounds a-year* by this trade; but this is owing, in a great measure, to the oeconomy and good management of his amiable help-mate. Mrs. Busfield it seems, attends morning and evening, in a Barn, in a coloured apron, to receive and inspect the Brags. What a subject for Bunbury's pencil!—*Lady Dove in a Barn!*

* The history of the *Mausoleum* is too curious to be omitted. Soon after his nuptials, Mr. Busfield, disdaining to mix his ashes with the Tradesmen and Manufacturers of Bingley, applied to the Archbishop of York to consecrate a small portion of land on his estates, where he and Mrs. B. might repose, in state, under a magnificent canopy. His Lordship complied with his request, and the ground was inclosed, and properly protected, till Mr. Busfield should erect upon it the beautiful edifice which he meditated. This has not yet been done; and TRIM is sorry to add, that this sacred ground is now treated as common earth, and exposed to every kind of prophanation, to the insult of the Archbishop, as well as the grief and concern of all pious and well-disposed Christians.

emblematic of that warm affection and calm serenity they enjoyed on earth !

I now return from this short episode (which, I flatter myself, the *happy pair*, who are the subject of it, have made interesting) to Mr. William Atkinson. This Gentleman is pleased to say, " that TRIM returned from the University with a *depraved heart*, instead of an *improved head*."

It does not become TRIM to say what advantages he has received from an University education, but he shall always remember with gratitude and veneration those able and good men, who spared no pains to form his heart, and cultivate his understanding. If their efforts were unsuccessful, he is sure that it was owing to the stubbornness of the soil, and not to any want of industry in the cultivation. But what proofs has Mr. Atkinson produced of a depraved heart? None; because none were to be found. TRIM has long been employed in exposing hypocrisy, and detecting knavery; but surely his detestation of these will not be produced against him as evidence of a bad heart. Candid men will rather think that an abhorrence of vice must naturally arise from some small predilection for the charms of virtue.

Of Mr. Atkinson's *heart*, TRIM will say nothing: GOD only knows it thoroughly. But men may be allowed to judge of a tree by its fruit*; and when they behold a foul
B stream,

* The following fact will give no very favourable idea of this Gentleman's heart. A few days after the publication of TRIM's last pamphlet, Mr. Atkinson called on the Publisher, requested to have one, and put it in his pocket without paying for it. He then rode triumphantly to Bingley, and boasted that he had *cheated* a poor fellow out of half a crown. Where is the *Priest*, or person, besides himself, who would have had the impudence or knavery to have done this ?

stream, under this Gentleman's direction, invading and blackening the most innocent and respectable characters, they will naturally conclude that the source from whence it flows cannot be pure and uncorrupt.

As to TRIM's *head*, poor as is his opinion of it, and little as is the value he sets upon it, he will not degrade it by a comparison with Mr. William Atkinson's. The Public have long formed an adequate idea of *his head*; and it remains to be told, that when his Nephew, Mr. Drake, was employed to collect scandal in Cambridge, he had the mortification to find the REMARKS in the hands both of young and old, and that his wife Uncle was an object of contempt and derision in every College in the University. But Mr. Atkinson tells us, in a paper of his own printing, (and probably of his own composing) "that he is a worthy young Gentleman who preaches with perfect candour, and forwards his precepts by his example;" and he adds, "that *the* popular attention hangs upon his words." To tell the Public that he is *young*, was unnecessary, (his indiscretion and folly have sufficiently shewn that) but TRIM doubts much whether a Master of Arts, above thirty years of age, can, with propriety, be stiled a *young Gentleman*. What he means by preaching with *candour*, TRIM knows not; but he knows that he preaches, with vehemence and rancour, against every person whom he either envies, or dislikes. And he forwards, he says, his precepts by his example. He preaches, week after week, against scandal and detraction, and I believe there is not a person in the parish who will not acknowledge that he *forwards it by his example*. He adds, with much self-complacency, that *popular attention hangs upon his words*.

" Answer

" Answer a Fool, says Solomon,

" According to his folly,

" Left the conceited Simpleton

" Grow proud or vain before y'."

So sings his ingenious friend, * Mr. John Rand; and it must be owned that self-conceit is an infallible proof of a weak understanding. The man of sense, and the man of learning, is modest, unassuming, submits, with deference, to the judgement of others, and never delivers an opinion on his own merit or accomplishments.—Of Mr. Atkinson's *Sermons* TRIM has already said that they are unmeaning rhapsodies, equally adapted to any subject, or text of scripture, and, like Hebrew, may be read backwards, without losing any part of their connection or propriety; and he has seen no reason, hitherto, for changing his opinion. That they have lost, in some small degree, that *offensive egotism* with which they abounded, in consequence of TRIM's admonitions,

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* Mr. John Rand, perhaps of all men living, resembles most his learned friend, as a Poet, Scholar, and Divine; but, it must be owned that Mr. Rand shews some disposition to improve by the productions of others; for, when he meets with a tolerable passage in an author, or an ingenious paragraph in a newspaper, he carefully transcribes and deposits it in his pocket-book; and then it passes, among brother manufacturers, for a *piece* of his own making. Sometime ago Mr. Rand, wishing to confer a singular honour on a Friend, whom he much esteemed, wrote an *Epitbalamium* on his nuptials; and, soon after, with much exultation, informed him that it was written, and put into the Post-Office for the Leeds paper. His Friend, alarmed at this intelligence, and afraid lest his marriage should be the subject of everlasting ridicule from Mr. Rand's verses, instantly withdrew, flew to the Office, and prevailed on the Post-Master to deliver the *Epitbalamium* into his hands. It will naturally occur to the Reader, that if some friendly hand, in like manner, had withdrawn the Poetical Essays from the press, Mr. Atkinson, like his learned Friend, might still have passed for a great Poet.

tions, is true; but they do not, yet, in his opinion, possess a single ingredient necessary to constitute a *Sermon*. That they make women *feel*, and manufacturers *flare*, TRIM readily admits; because, happily for Mr. Atkinson, *they* take declamation for argument, and *flowers of speech* for the pure essence of Christianity. *

But I leave this Gentleman to reflect on the fame he derives from his *Sermons* and *Essays*, and proceed to his next accusation. Mr. Atkinson is pleased to say that the several charges brought against him by TRIM are *infamous lies*. I shall take no notice of the politeness of the expression, but only observe so *Crosse* says he has no public money, and *Barrington* that he never picked a pocket. TRIM invites this Gentleman to point out those charges which are false; and now pledges himself, in the face of the Public, (whose good opinion he would not wantonly forfeit) to prove the truth of every syllable he has advanced. But the young Gentleman will not do it; he is afraid and ashamed even to mention the names of these charges, because he knows they rest on a foundation which no sophistry can shake, no effrontery overturn. But Mr. Atkinson, not content with abusing TRIM for bringing charges against *him*, accuses him of attacking, without provocation, his most respectable friends. What friends Mr. Atkinson distinguishes by the term *most* respectable, TRIM knows not, but begs leave to ask

* TRIM is sorry to observe that, notwithstanding his observations, this Gentleman's passion for *new flowers of speech* continues warm and unabated. On Sunday the 19th of September last, he presented his audience with the following curious ones. "Young men, he justly observed, must die, as well as others, though their *spirits are now dancing on the wings of alacrity*, and their *chartres are written on their cheeks in characters of health*."—Is it not to be lamented that the Temple of God should be polluted, and the Wise of Beings insulted with such execrable nonsense as this?

ask if his Brother, Mr. Busfield, is among the number? if he is, it may not be unnecessary to put Mr. Atkinson in mind that so early as the year 1787, this Gentleman accused TRIM, in the Public prints, of "encouraging tipling on Sundays, and other disorderly and illegal proceedings;" which, considering the office and profession of the accused, was a charge of no small magnitude and criminality. That Mr. Busfield knew, at the time, that the charge was *false*, though it has been urged as a proof of its innocence, may rather be considered as an aggravation of his crime. But not satisfied with this attempt to injure him, Mr. Busfield has since produced a series of charges, declared, *in the most solemn manner*, that they were all true, and *afterwards* proceeded, with great wisdom, to seek for evidence in support of his allegations*. That his Worship, who affects a superiority over other magistrates, on account of his extraordinary sagacity and abilities, should act in this strange manner, has occasioned much wonder; but those persons who are as well acquainted as TRIM with this Gentleman's *magisterial conduct*, will recollect many instances, in which he has adopted the same wise mode of proceeding. This is the provocation TRIM has received from Mr. Busfield, aggravated by many circumstances of insult and personal abuse; for all which he has returned only a little raillery, with more cheerfulness and good humour than Mr. Busfield had reason to expect. But in matters of this kind, TRIM had much rather remain in debt than pay to the uttermost farthing; and he reflects, with pleasure, that many respectable characters

in

* One of these charges was, that TRIM was a *profane swearer*; yet TRIM never swears, and his Worship frequently does. TRIM cannot help thinking his fate a little singular in being accused by one Brother of *swearing*, and by the other of *scandal* and *detraction*; but so it has been from the time of Juvenal to this day—*Clodius accusat Mæchos*.

in the County of York, who have read his last *Bagatelle*, have declared that he has treated Mr. Busfield with a degree of lenity and politeness, to which he was no way entitled. *

Or does Mr. Atkinson allude to his chaste and respectable friend, Mr. Stott? if he does, TRIM begs leave to observe, that it had long been this Gentleman's practice to abuse TRIM, who never offended him, in all companies, and for no other reason than that his daughter was known to have a partiality for Mr. William Atkinson. So far did this Lady's predilection for the young Gentleman, and her animosity to TRIM carry her, that she condescended to sit, all day, in a cottage, to teach poor children to read, whilst her confidential envoy, the master of this little seminary, went from town to town, on foot, to seek for a Printer who could be prevailed on to print Mr. Atkinson's obscenity and abuse of TRIM. †

Or

* TRIM has asserted, that the paper in which Mr. Hodden's Family was treated with so much freedom and jocularity, was written by Mr. Busfield; and he has since had the satisfaction to hear that a neighbour of his, respectable alike for his profession and love of truth, and who is well acquainted with the nature of *evidence*, has declared that he knows, and can *prove*, that Mr. Busfield was the Author of this ingenious, and well-written paper. It remains with his Worship to inform the world, whether the Scene at the Castle, which is painted in such lively colours, is a transcript of what passed between his brother the Sailor, and his Doxy, at the Lakes; or whether it is merely a chimera, the fruit of his own creative imagination: if the latter, it certainly discovers a genius for *fiction*, which is worth cultivating.

† As Mr. Atkinson, according to his own account, is now *engaged*; and, as this young Lady has declared she will die an *old maid*, or have a Clergyman for her bed-fellow, TRIM hopes, that to prevent so dreadful a catastrophe Mr. Stott will bestow his daughter on the Rev. Thomas Howorth, Curate of Idle; as a small recompence for the pleasure he has afforded him, from
time

Or does Mr. Atkinson allude to his amiable friend and associate, Doctor Garnet? What provocation TRIM has received from *him*, the Public will judge from the following. When Mr. Atkinson and his amiable associate had prepared the Looking-Glass, which reflected so foul an image of Mr. Hodsdén's family, Dr. Garnet wrote a letter to Mrs. Hodsdén (which is now in TRIM's possession) intimating that it was written by the latter, and went from house to house, in the town of Bradford, propagating the same tale. This plot, it must be owned, did no more honour to the heads than the hearts of these Gentlemen; but, absurd as the story was, they found a few *old women* who were wise enough to believe it. But Doctor Garnet, not content with propagating this *scandalous falsehood*, came afterwards to his house, when he knew he was absent, disturbed the peace of his family, and treated his servants as *prostitutes*. But TRIM will say no more of this, because the Doctor, at that time, was much intoxicated, and because he has been told that he has since been properly reformed for this indecent and disorderly behaviour by his friend Doctor Crowder, who is himself a *sober man*, and knows how injurious it is to the character of a Physician to be thought otherwise. •

Mr.

time to time, in abusing TRIM. Besides, as this Gentleman is an admirer of Mr. Atkinson's Looking-Glass, is distinguished by the same *languishing look*, and blest with the same *amorous constitution*, it is probable he will be equally acceptable to the *Fair Saint*.

* To TRIM's intimation that Dr. Garnet and his Friend, in the case of Mr. Steers of Burfall, mistook a *putrid fever* for the *gout*, and treated it accordingly, Doctor Crowder has replied, that Doctor Davison (who happily saved Mr. Steers's life) has declared that, *before* he attended him, his disorder was the *gout*; and, *before* he left him, the *putrid fever* turned to the *gout* again.

Mr. Atkinson is pleased to add, that TRIM keeps a *Concubine* in the good old Patriarchal way. TRIM cannot judge from the jocularity of the expression whether Mr. Atkinson disapproves, or not, of this kind of indulgence; but he is sorry to find that a Gentleman, who lives in lodgings, is of opinion that no man, who keeps house and has no wife, can do without that necessary appendage. But Mr. Atkinson, when he brought this charge against TRIM of having a Concubine, surely forgot that *debility* has no occasion for one. TRIM will frankly acknowledge that, at present, he prefers a connection with Horace, or an interview with Virgil, to all the pleasures the fair sex can bestow. All he wishes for *now*, is their good opinion; and that he is conscious he deserves, but if it is not to be obtained but by adopting Mr. Atkinson's method of stroking their faces in the streets, and playing with their bosoms on public walks, TRIM must give up all pretensions to it, for he never will court their favour at the expence either of their happiness, or their reputation. In TRIM's opinion, the man who endeavours to acquire a Lady's affection by inflaming her passions, shews the world that he has nothing to expect from his personal merit or good qualities. Besides a *Clergyman* should not only bring his own body under, and keep it in subjection, but should endeavour, as much as possible, to allay and compose those little storms, which, from time to time, ruffle and disturb the female breast. *

TRIM again. TRIM mentions this circumstance, because it seems to point out an analogy between these two disorders, which has hitherto escaped the observation of the Faculty; and he hopes that Doctor Davison, whose acknowledged abilities, he is sure, will do justice to the subject, will favour the world with a few remarks on this singular and important case.

* TRIM has often wondered that Mr. Atkinson should be perpetually talking of acts of *lewdness* and *impurity*, and attributed it to an amorous constitution,

TRIM has now answered the several charges Mr. Atkinson has brought against his character and morals. He now proceeds to consider those which he has produced against his *person*. Mr. Atkinson is pleased to say that TRIM has the eye of a *Woodcock*. As TRIM knows little more of this bird than the taste, he much wishes that Mr. Atkinson, who prides himself on the knowledge and qualifications of a sportsman, would inform him what peculiar quality this eye possesses. That TRIM's eye does not possess that mild lustre and melting softness which makes this Gentleman's eye so formidable to the Fair Sex, he is aware; but he cannot help observing, that if Mr. Atkinson, in the *Church*, would content himself with bestowing amorous glances on the fair object of his wishes, without adding to them the unnecessary artillery

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stitution, which induced him to ascribe to *others* that vice which he was most inclined to *himself*. That he was not quite mistaken in this supposition, the following fact will demonstrate. When this Gentleman had been about two years at College, he returned into Yorkshire, and paid a visit to his sister, Mrs. Drake, at Horley-Green. There he found a pretty young Girl, whom he seduced, and by whom he had a bairn, which he prudently disposed of for *twenty guineas*. It was about this time he wrote the stanza, so much admired, in his *Essays*,

"She kiss'd me, 'twas pleasure divine,

"As softly her bosom did arise

"In motions alternate to mine;

"Alternate were each of our sighs."

So it now appears that he painted from the life, and that these lines contain a representation of the amusement he had, from time to time, with *Sally Archer*.

For the truth of this anecdote, TRIM refers the Public to Capt. Wood, of the 54th Regiment, who has requested that his name may be mentioned on this occasion; as he wishes, he was pleased to say, to make known to the World one of the *worst men* that ever disgraced Society.

artillery of *nods and winks*, they would, probably, do equal execution, and give less offence to serious and well-disposed Christians. *

Mr. Atkinson adds, that TRIM has the face of a *Posilion*. This is a personal reflection that a man of sense would not have made, and a good man would not have thought of. All that TRIM can say in defence of a *bad face* is, that he had no hand in making it, and, therefore, is no way accountable for its plainness or deformity. He readily owns that he is not blessed with that *fairness of complexion* and that *whiteness of hand* which distinguish the family of the Atkinsons; and which, though they may, with propriety, be stiled ornamental, have been rather injurious to this Gentleman, as they were the means of his being discovered, in the

* The following anecdote will give the Public a tolerable idea of this Gentleman's understanding, discretion, and respect for the Fair Sex. He went, in the Summer, to Cambridge in a stage-coach, to vote at the election of Members for the University. He had not long been in the coach before he began to entertain the company with an account of his life and adventures; and, among other strange things, mentioned that he had been long in love with a young Lady of Bradford; that he had neglected nothing to inspire her with a mutual passion, and had not been unsuccessful, for she had *engaged* to marry him as soon as he had a living. To give the greater probability to this story, Mr. Atkinson mentioned the Lady's name. He added, that he was not much liked at Bradford, because he did his duty with *energy*.—That he did his duty with *energy*, in the case of Sally Archer, must be allowed; but how far he did his duty in making a young Lady, of character and fortune, the subject of conversation in a stage-coach, the Public will judge. TRIM thinks it necessary to add, for the satisfaction of the Public, that this information was received from a Gentleman of Mansfield, of character and fortune, who travelled with Mr. Atkinson, and whose name he is at liberty to mention, if the truth of the relation should, at any time, be called in question.

the habit of a Sailor, in a scene and situation not very honourable to a Clergyman. *

As to the poor diet of *skeletons and milk* with which Mr. Atkinson has entertained the Public, TRIM can only say that he never heard of one circumstance before, and he believes the other to be false; but, if Mr. Atkinson, who has told the World that he always applies first to a woman's bosom, has been admitted to this, and knows it to be a fact, let him speak out. TRIM might, with as much propriety, and quite as much truth, say that six months ago Miss B. was with child by Mr. Atkinson; that she miscarried in the night, and that Mr. Atkinson took the *skeleton* in his gown, carried it to the water-side, and threw it in. This story, strange as it seems, considering Mr. Atkinson's boasted vigour and TRIM's well-known † *debility*, appears much more probable; but no provocation from this Gentleman shall ever induce TRIM to throw a reflection of this

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kind

* Whenever TRIM has had occasion to speak of Mr. Atkinson's *person*, it has always been with the praise and reverence it merits; but he cannot help observing, that he is a little singular in his manner of adorning it for the church. He always appears in the pulpit *without a band*; and, not long ago, preached in a coloured coat, the predominant colour of which was *brown*, which was visible in many parts, as he wears no cassock. But it should be observed, that, to supply the deficiency of a band, he has a large bunch of black ribbands under his chin, which descend gracefully on his chitterling, and form a pleasing Magpie appearance of *black and white*. TRIM has no antipathy to a chitterling, (for he sometimes wears one himself) but he cannot think it a proper substitute for a band.

† Mr. Atkinson, in one of his papers, reproaches TRIM with *debility*; in another, he charges him with having conveyed milk into the bosom of a Girl. As, from long practice, Mr. Atkinson is become an adept in these matters, TRIM hopes he will inform the World by what mode, or process, debility produces *milk*.

kind on the character of a Lady, who, he hopes and believes, is still chaste, though she lives with a man who deems himself *irresistible*: neither would TRIM throw a reflection of this kind on a *servant girl*, because her reputation is as valuable as her mistress's, and perhaps more so, because *she* has nothing but her chastity to recommend her. But Mr. Atkinson, not content with his many victories over the sex, ungrateful for the many favours he has received from them, has long been endeavouring to make a married woman unhappy, not because she ever offended him, not because he has heard any harm of her, but because that, two years ago, she happened to be a servant to TRIM. There is a degree of mischievous and unfeeling barbarity in this conduct which every friend to the peace and happiness of society must condemn. *

TRIM has now considered the several charges that Mr. Atkinson has brought against his character and person; and, whatever defects may be in the latter (which he is sensible are many and various) he flatters himself that he has proved, to the satisfaction of the Public, that there is not the least foundation for the other. He, therefore, takes his leave of this Gentleman, *for the present*, under a conviction that the
Public

* Mr. Atkinson, in a late discourse, (Sept. 12) told his audience that *they* must not, on any account, let the least falsehood escape their lips; and he added, with much gravity, that the good Christian always wears *the girdle of Truth* about his loins, and never, on any occasion, puts it off. To advise others to wear this girdle, after he had thrown it away, with contempt, *himself*, required a degree of assurance and mock solemnity which very few persons are capable of assuming. If the Reader wishes to form an adequate idea of this Gentleman, in all his various accomplishments, TRIM refers him to the *Tartuffe* of Moliere; there he will meet with the same *lewdness*, the same *effrontery*, the same *hypocrisy*, and every thing but the same *abilities*; for Tartuffe was no fool.

Public will think with him that no correction, no chastisement from his hand can either be too frequent, or too severe. But he cannot quit him, at present, without observing that every good man in the Parish of Bradford, every sincere Christian in the County of York, must rejoice that a man destitute of every accomplishment necessary to constitute the Gentleman, the Scholar, or the Divine, totally regardless of truth, prone to calumny and misrepresentation, who has wantonly and mischievously defamed many innocent and respectable characters, and has provided himself with a press, for the avowed purpose of spreading, with greater facility, slander and abuse through the Country, is not in possession of the Vicarage of Bingley. In refusing him, the Chancellor did not listen to the voice of TRIM, but to the voice of the County, and the general opinion of the Kingdom; for this Gentleman (thanks to TRIM's exertions in the cause of truth) is as well known through the latter as the former. But matters are now drawing to a crisis: the Archbishop, who read with a smile, mixed with pity, the productions of the *Poet*, and the eccentricities of the *Man*, cannot behold with indifference a Clergyman engaged in the secular occupations of a *Printer*, not for the purpose of improving the morals, or informing the minds of his Parishioners, but with an avowed design of invading their characters, and disturbing the peace and tranquility of their families.

Mr. Clapham (or whoever has the Vicarage of Bingley) TRIM hopes will be an ornament to his station; the other would have disgraced it. Besides, the Clergyman who equally respects his own character, and that of his Parishioners, will be a *blessing* to his flock: the odious Hypocrite, who does neither, would have proved a *curse*.

Many

✂ *Many persons having expressed a wish that the following Trifles might be preserved, TRIM takes this opportunity of complying with their request; only observing, that they were written en badinant, and require much indulgence.*

THE PROPRIETORS
OF
THE LITERARY PRESS,
ESTABLISHED IN
THE TOWN OF BRADFORD,

HAVING formed themselves into a Society to prevent the further progress of Calumny and Malevolence, respectfully solicit the support and patronage of the Public. They are provided with a complete and elegant apparatus, and mean to devote this press (which is under the conduct of a *Clergyman*) to restrain Licentiousness, and diffuse a spirit of Charity and Benevolence among the people.

They are already favoured with anecdotes of a *very peculiar kind*, relative to respectable families, both in town and country, and have employed an ingenious person, on whose honour and fidelity they can rely, to give them the earliest intelligence of every thing that passes at the several card, tea-tables, &c. in the Town of Bradford.

But,

But, though possessed of these great and singular advantages, they earnestly solicit the assistance of all ingenious and well-informed persons, assuring them that whatever intelligence they are pleased to honour them with, it shall be presented to the Public with every recommendation of type, paper, and arrangement. And that none may be backward in promoting this salutary undertaking, through fear of persecution from the Ungodly, they beg leave to assure their Friends that they have engaged the ABECEDARIAN, who, having nothing to lose, is no more afraid of the *Law* than the Gospel, to father the several bairns that issue from this literary bed, whoever may be their *real parent*, and whatever may be either their form or complexion.

And that the productions of this press may want no degree of accuracy or elegance, which human ingenuity can bestow, the Proprietors have, at a considerable expence, engaged THE REVIEWING DOCTOR to superintend its operations, and to take care that nothing is presented to the Public but in the highest state of splendor and perfection. They beg leave to add, that the productions of *their* press will possess another advantage, of singular importance to literary men, and which no other press in the kingdom can boast of; for the Doctor, who has the honour to be a Member of *two great Critical Societies*, engages (as he is *now* perfectly at leisure) to *review himself* every composition that comes from this press, and to recommend it to the World, through their periodical publications, in the warmest language of friendship and panegyric.

The Proprietors hope that the Doctor's friends, who did not think it at all degrading to the Physician to read Lectures in Philosophy, *deficiente crumena*, will approve of his engaging

ing in this undertaking, which they think is equally honourable, and flatter themselves will prove much more advantageous.

For a specimen of the productions of this press, the Proprietors refer the Public to the Song intitled *Judas*, the Epilogue * on *Doctor Ruffles*, and the Acrostic upon TRIM; all which are the work of the Author of the Poetical Essays, reviewed,

* The following couplet from this Epilogue, printed by Mr. Atkinson, will give the Public some idea of the productions of this press.

“ And then my ruffles look so vastly pretty,
“ My head with lice replete, and always nitty.”

But, in justice to Mr. Atkinson, TRIM thinks it necessary to observe, that this *lousy composition* (for such it is without a pun) is universally attributed to his friend, the Doctor, and will give the World a tolerable idea of his genius, as well as the delicacy of his sentiments. The following facts will further illustrate this Gentleman's character. When he came to Bradford, he found a Physician in possession of an extensive practice, as well as the good opinion and favour of the inhabitants: to deprive him of this, and gain some attention to *himself*, he began, without any degree of provocation, to spread dishonourable reports relative to his birth, parentage, and education; a mode of proceeding which was censured and condemned by every Gentleman in the town and neighbourhood. But this method not succeeding, and the Doctor having been six months in Bradford without receiving a shilling, he gave out that he would read Lectures in Philosophy to make himself *known*; for he modestly intimated, that he needed only to be known to be sought after and employed. And that he might be sure of an audience, he printed tickets, and sent them as a *present* to every genteel family in Town and Country, because he knew that no Gentleman would accept of a ticket from him, without purchasing one, at the same time, to intitle him to admission. The manœuvre succeeded, and he obtained a tolerable audience; but his manner was so awkward and ungraceful, and his voice so bad and disgusting, that it grew, every day, less. However his end was accomplished, and the Doctor obtained, for the present, a supply of cash; and, what is much to his honour, the respectable families, which administered to his necessities, have been since the subject of his friend's press, and his own handsome and grateful compositions.

reviewed, corrected, and polished by the learned Doctor; which, no doubt, the Public has already discovered from the good language, good sense, and liberality of sentiment which pervade these much-admired compositions. The *French Quotations* with which these compositions are decorated, were kindly furnished by the Doctor, and the Proprietors flatter themselves that they will impress on the Public a very favourable opinion of the learning and accomplishments of their Literary Associate.

They have the pleasure to inform the Public that this undertaking is approved of and patronized by the respectable Families at Ecclehill, Myrtle-Grove, and Horley-Green, and that communications sent to either of these places, or to the Printing-Office in Barker-End, will be carefully attended to.

✍ A *Compositor* and *Devil* are much wanted; but, to prevent any disappointment to the Public, the † Doctor has undertaken the office of the former, and the Abecedarian that of the latter, till more proper persons can be procured. Such, by applying at the Office, will meet with good wages and constant employment.

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In

† It is with much concern that TRIM informs the Public, that this ingenious Gentleman, after having served and entertained the inhabitants of Bradford, in the several characters of PHYSICIAN, LECTURER in PHILOSOPHY, REVIEWING DOCTOR, POET, COMPOSITOR to Mr. Atkinson's press, &c. is removed to Knaresborough; where, no doubt, the *abilities, spirit, and regard for truth*, which have made his removal a subject of regret to the people of Bradford, will gain him the good opinion and admiration of the Town and Neighbourhood. And if, at any time, a *putrid fever* should prevail in the town, the singular and successful method with which the Doctor has treated this dangerous disease, will enable him to be of signal service to the inhabitants.

In a few days will be published,

**A VINDICATION OF THE DOCTOR
FROM THE CHARGE OF BEING
A PYRATE, OR FREE-BOOTER;**

In which proofs will be adduced of his having reviewed *Priestley's Lectures, Browne's Elements, Cullen's Materia Medica*, &c. as well as having written most of the valuable articles that have appeared, for the last two years, in the Monthly and Analytical Reviews.

Le vrai seul est aimable.

BOILEAU.

To the above will be added,

A N A P P E N D I X,

In which the Doctor engages to prove that the Vicar has no public money, that Mr. Atkinson never appeared in a sailor's habit, and that TRIM wrote *himself* the account given in the Monthly Review of the pamphlet intitled, REMARKS ON TWO OF THE MOST SINGULAR CHARACTERS OF THE AGE. *

HORLEY.

* Doctor Garnet still declares that he wrote the article in the Analytical Review containing an analysis of Browne's Elements, and has mentioned the name of Mr. William Maud, Apothecary, in Bradford, as a Gentleman, to whom he shewed this article in manuscript. TRIM has applied to Mr. Maud for information, and has been assured by him, that he never saw the article in question, but that the paper Doctor Garnet shewed him contained only an explanation of a few terms made use of by Browne in his Elements. But the Doctor has repeatedly and confidently asserted, that TRIM wrote *himself* the account given in the Monthly Review of the pamphlet intitled, Remarks on Two of the most singular Characters of the Age. In answer to this assertion, it would perhaps be sufficient to refer the Public to the Doctor's *well-known veracity*,

HORLEY-GREEN SPAW.

*Hoc fonte derivata salus
In patriam populumque fluxit.*

HOR.

For the benefit of the Poor, this valuable water continues to be *sold* in small quantities at Horley-Green, and Mr. Drake attends himself to see that a fair and reasonable portion is delivered, and *no more*; as he is apprehensive, from the increasing demand for this never-failing remedy, that a sufficient quantity may not remain to supply the wants of the Public.

For the wonderful cures performed by this water, see Observations on Horley-Green Spaw, by Thomas Garnet, M.D.

N. B. Orders from any part of the kingdom, directed (*post paid*) to Mr. Drake, at Horley-Green; Mr. Busfield, at Myrtle-Grove; or the Rev. William Atkinson, at the Printing-Office, Bradford, will be duly attended to, and expeditiously executed.

THE

veracity, and the established character of the Monthly Review; but to remove all doubts on this head, TRIM begs leave to oppose to this Gentleman's assertion the following declaration of the Reviewers.

"INTEGER's letter (probably Doctor Garnet's) only serves to remind us, with some regret, that no man, nor set of men, can please every body, in every trifling matter of *taste* and *opinion*. The insinuation in the postscript that a certain Gentleman reviewed his own work is, he may be assured, totally void of foundation. No considerate person would suppose that we could possibly allow such a measure; and, if we did, the Gentleman, mentioned in this instance, is much superior to so mean and contemptible a subterfuge."

Monthly Review for August, 1790.

THE METAMORPHOSIS;

OR,

THE PARSON TURNED PRINTER.

A NEW SONG.

COME, listen to my song,
I sing th' accomplish'd Priest,
Whose merits, fairly told,
Will furnish out a feast.

He once appear'd a *Sailor*,
And did a-begging go,
And got both maids and money too,
By telling tales of woe.

But now he's turn'd a Printer,
And has a press himself :
But is it hatred to the gown?
Or is it love of pelf?

A Printer, once, it seems,
Did drive this Scholar mad,
By shewing nonsense in his works,
And English that was bad. *

He

* See Critique, p. 50.

He then did solemnly protest
 He would no Printer bear,
 But be the midwife to his bairns,
 As well as father dear.

Besides, no Printer could be found
 Foul names and lies to spread ;
 He, therefore, Printer turns himself,
 To get his nonsense read.

But now, in truth, some better thing
 We justly may expect ;
 For the *Reviewing Doctor* comes
 His labours to correct.

Be cautious, then, how you offend
 This pious printing crew,
 Lest that the dirt at * S——— thrown,
 Should next be thrown at *you*.

After

* The treatment which Mr. S. (a Gentleman, whose peaceable deportment and amiable manners have endeared to the inhabitants) has received from *this Printer*, has justly excited the indignation of every worthy and good man. Not content with bestowing on him an opprobrious name, to which he himself is much better intitled for his *apostacy* from the gown to a *jacket*, and from the duties of his function to the business of a *printing-press* ; he has, with a degree of insolence and inhumanity peculiar to himself, invaded and disturbed his domestic happiness. Yet this Priest, a few days ago, told the inhabitants, that *they* are accountable to God for every word that escapes their lips, injurious to the peace or character of their neighbour. But is *not he* accountable to the same God for the innocence and charity of *his* language ? And has not the language he has bestowed on Mr. S. who lives under the same roof, and is, therefore, in every sense, his neighbour, been, in the highest degree, uncharitable and scandalous ? The Founder of our religion, speaking of his followers, has told us, that by their *fruits* we shall know them. If the inhabitants judge of their worthy Pastor by this rule, (and they cannot have a better) what opinion must they entertain of him ?

After this dull entertainment, TRIM is happy in having it in his power to present the Public with a few verses (never before printed) written by that original genius, and celebrated wit, Johnson Atkinson Busfield, Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices for the West-Riding of the County of York. That it is really his Worship's composition, TRIM has no doubt, because he received it whilst this Gentleman was at Hartlepool, with the Stockton post-mark. Besides, that no doubt may be entertained of it, Mr. Busfield transmitted it to him in his own hand-writing. The Reader will observe too, that the introduction favours a little of that *hauteur* and self-consequence which this Magistrate generally assumes, and which distinguishes him from all other Gentlemen.

" A short word of advice to TRIM, from one who has
" not much time to expend on such a subject.

" Mr. TRIM,

" If you're not over wise,

" (That is in your own eyes)

" Take a lesson from old Æsop's school;

" There ponder awhile

" On the Viper and File,

" How can you so long play the fool?

" Your trade is to teach

" The eight parts of speech,

" *Unbias'd by power or pelf.*

" Then let alone others,

" And trim not the Brothers,

" Lest you get a sound trimming yourself.

" By SOMEBODY."

The Reader will observe that the sea breeze has sharpened his Worship's wit, and a fish-diet, as much lighter, has given wings to his imagination. But the signature was needless, as all the World knows that his Worship is *somebody*; but TRIM fears (to use his own words) if he plays the fool much longer, he will be regarded as *nobody*. Mr. Busfield says that TRIM's trade is to teach the eight parts of speech. His Worship forgets that, in a Grammar School, this is the business of the Usher, and that the Master is better employed in reading Sallust, Tully, Demosthenes, &c. books which TRIM suspects Mr. Busfield never read, or surely he would have imbibed some small portion of their genius and good sense. It is unnecessary to mention what Mr. Busfield's *trade* is; but TRIM is a little surprized that this Gentleman, in his *present situation*, should introduce the word *trade* by way of reproach. He forgets that he is now on a level with Mess. Sedgewick and Wood; and though it is natural for him to feel his degradation, (for he cannot descend lower) it would perhaps be prudent not to speak contemptuously of trade, lest these Gentlemen should be offended, and examine, with a curious eye, into the strength and resources of their boasting, but not very powerful ally. *

What Mr. Busfield means by the words *unbiaſſed by power or pelf*, TRIM knows not, but suspects that his Worship

* Those persons, who saw this Gentleman in his glory, at the head of the Bradford Volunteers, and consider his *present situation*, will not read the following lines, without some degree of sensibility and sorrow.

————— " O farewell !

" The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

" The royal banner, and all quality,

" Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,

" Farewel ! — *Orbello's occupation's gone.*"

ship means much, as he had drawn a line under these words, which has induced TRIM to print them in *Italics*. TRIM knows no power by which he has been biased, except that of reason and truth ; which he hopes Mr. Busfield will not consider as *undue influence*, because he himself has been always a stranger to it. As to *pelf*, TRIM can say with truth that has no more influence over him than power. To see his publications eagerly sought after and applauded by the Public, he will own has given him much pleasure ; but he begs leave to assure Mr. Busfield (and he makes no doubt the information will give him pleasure) that this kind of employment is much inferior in profit and advantage to the *milk-trade* *. Mr. Busfield advises him not any longer to *trim the Brothers* ; and he makes no doubt his Worship is serious in his exhortation. When TRIM observes that the Brothers are ashamed of the *many false and scandalous* † charges they

* TRIM verily believes that Mr. Busfield's amiable Partner derives greater profit from the sale of *cabbages* and *nosegays* than he does from his publications ; but is it not a little extraordinary that a Lady so distinguished by her piety as Mrs. B. should *sell* every thing, and *give away* nothing ? Other Gentlemen bestow the superfluity of their dairy and their garden on their poorer neighbours ; but Mr. Busfield wisely considers, that he who *lendeth to the Lord* may wait long for payment, and therefore, in the true spirit of a *Tradesman*, prefers prompt payment to long credit, and present emolument to the distant advantages of futurity.

† The Public will hear, perhaps, not without some degree of indignation, that one of his Majesty's Justices, and a Reverend Divine should bring *false and scandalous* charges against another, *knowing them to be such* ; but allowance should be made for the difficulties with which they have to struggle. In him and his Brother, from their abundant folly, TRIM finds a perpetual and increasing harvest of *rich facts*, which require only to be collected and laid before the Public : But, unfortunately for these Gentlemen, TRIM, in every sense of the word, is a *lean subject*, affording few materials either for animadversion or entertainment. These Gentlemen, therefore, are reduced to the alternative either of *lying*, or being *silent* : they have chosen the former ; but however the choice may do honour to their ingenuity, it affords no proof of a candid or charitable disposition

they have brought against him ; that they sincerely repent of their past folly, and are disposed to manifest their repentance by a suitable line of conduct ;—he may, perhaps, let them return, in peace, to that obscurity from which he has drawn them. But it will not be for fear of getting a sound trimming himself. The bitterness of punishment is now passed ; and, to threaten him with chastisement, *after* he and his Brother have exhausted their powers for calumny and defamation, is just as wise as his Worship's bringing charges, and then proceeding, with great gravity, to seek for evidence. But * *Justice Midas* was born a blunderer, and TRIM fears, notwithstanding his friendly admonitions, will continue so to the end of his days. However, in return for his verses, TRIM will present *him* with a short word of advice, and hopes his Worship will, for once, have the discretion to attend to it. He will not be so uncivil as to say that he has not much time to expend on *such a subject* ; but will honestly confess, that he does not wish for a better, and will venture to predict that, as long as his Worship lives, TRIM cannot want a subject to write upon, nor the Public one to laugh at. He fears however that his verses, in company with his Worship's, will make but a poor appearance (for he is sensible he has no talent for verse) but, if they contain but little poetry, the Reader will find that they possess, what is better, *much truth*.

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* The Reader will see no impropriety in the application of this term, when he considers that this Gentleman has always preferred abuse to argument, and scurrility to good sense, and that it is highly probable, if his Worship had been arbiter, on a certain occasion, that he, like his long-eared brother, from a partiality to his own accomplishments, would have bestowed the palm of eloquence and poetry not on *Apollo* but on *Pan*.

See the farce of Justice Midas.

AN EPIGRAM ON SOMEBODY.

BY TRIM.

Qui capit, ille facit.

BOUNCER alarm'd, lest LIVESEY's dreaded name
 Should shake his *credit*, or disturb his fame,
 Sends out, in haste, his Beagles to the field,
 To try what Bradford, Halifax will yield ;
 Picks up, with labour, a few hundreds more,
 And finds his *bond* pass current as before.
 'Tis not TRIM's humour dropping from the press ;
 'Tis borrowing *more* that makes his credit *less*.

It is much to be wished that an office was established in the County of York, in which *bonds* as well as mortgages were registered : it would prevent much mischief, and many fraudulent practices. But when a Gentleman voluntarily offers *five per cent.* when money may be had at four, or four and an half, on *good security*,—

CAVEAT POPULUS!

ANOTHER

ANOTHER PROOF
OF AN
ENTERPRISING SPIRIT
DISPLAYED BY
CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

*Dicam infigne, recens, adbu
Indictum ore alio.*

HOR.

NOT content with the great advantages and ready money of the *milk-trade*, not satisfied with the prospect of great wealth from his invaluable inclosure on Rumblesmoor, and the certainty of still greater riches from the immense profits of the *cotton trade*, this Gentleman, a few weeks ago, contracted with the Mayor of Hartlepool for the oyster-beds in the neighbourhood of that place, for a certain term of years. Unfortunately, a few days after, the country people, as usual, took the liberty of fishing for oysters on these beds: Immediately the Captain assumed the rank and authority of a General, and, attended by the Mayor as his *aid de camp*, took the field with a small, but firm body of Shoemakers, Taylors &c. but, after an attack, in which every thing was done that valour and Generalship united could do, superior numbers prevailed, and they were obliged to retreat. TRIM hopes, however, that the Captain, undaunted by one defeat, will make another attempt

to get possession of the beds ; as, otherwise, the ingenious and benevolent design he has formed of supplying *York, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, &c.* the ensuing Winter with oysters on lower terms than usual, will be frustrated, and the lovers of this luscious and invigorating skell-fish, in these places, much disappointed.

MONSTROUS

MONSTROUS OATH,

SWALLOWED BY

JUSTICE BUSFIELD.

" Shall then the Oath of him, who in his words

" Regards not Truth, pass current?—'Tis a net

" To entangle fools."

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

IN justice to Mr. Busfield, TRIM thinks it necessary to observe that, since the above was written, this Gentleman has had the satisfaction to clear himself (in his *own opinion*) from the charge of calumniating Mr. Hodsdon's family. For on the 29th of Sept. last, in the presence of many respectable personages, he voluntarily swore, that is, he administered to himself an oath, of his own making, in which he swore positively " that he did not write the paper calumniating that family; and that he never wrote a single line respecting TRIM, to which he did not subscribe his name." To the former part of this oath, TRIM replies, that soon after the publication of that paper, he was authorized by a certain Printer to give up Mr. Busfield, as the Author of that paper, on condition that Mr. Hodsdon would commence no prosecution against him, or any other person; but Mr. H. would not assent to this proposal. To the other TRIM replies, that Mr. Busfield wrote an Epigram beginning " Poor Mary and Bell," (dated Oct. 24, 1786) in which he ridiculed TRIM with much freedom; that he wrote another paper signed *Maria* (dated Nov. 10, 1786) in which he abused TRIM, and what he was pleased to call his

nearest

nearest connections; that he likewise wrote the verses laid before the Public in this pamphlet; that he wrote these several papers *before* he made this oath; that he subscribed his name to no one of them; and that they are all now in TRIM's possession, in Mr. Busfield's own-hand writing. As to to the Bobadillian method of purging himself by an oath, TRIM begs leave to observe that, if persons, accused of crimes, or scandalous practices, were allowed to clear themselves by an oath, no one would be guilty. Barrington, to escape *Botany Bay*, would swear he never picked a pocket; and Mr. Busfield's ingenious friend, Bouncer, to get another hundred, would swear that he has *a clear twelve hundred pounds a-year* independent of Mrs. B. * He has already made this declaration, in the most solemn manner, *under his own hand*; and, no doubt, would as readily swear it. TRIM is sorry to add, that this *coup de main*, this bold stroke for a hundred, in some instances, did not succeed.

That these observations, however just, are written with some severity, TRIM is ready to admit; but he hopes they will impress on the Gentleman, alluded to, this serious and necessary truth, "that the *character* of a Clergyman is of great consequence to *him*, and ought to be treated with as much respect and delicacy as either the *bond* or *credit* of the Tradesman." * That this Clergyman does not possess such

* TRIM proposes, *pro bono publico*, to examine minutely into the truth of this declaration; and as he knows this Gentleman's revenues, resources, situation, &c. better than any man living, except *himself*, he flatters himself he shall be able to throw much light on this interesting subject.

* Mr. Busfield declared, in the presence of the Governors, that TRIM had ruined Bradford School, and that his character was *so bad* that no person would send his son to that school to be educated. Yet, at this time, Bradford

such an enterprizing genius, and is not quite so fertile in resources as the Tradesman, he acknowledges with conscious inferiority; but this Clergyman defrauds no man, regularly pays his debts, and hopes, by the blessing of God,

“ To walk the World in credit to his grave.”

That the bold and aspiring Tradesman, on whose welfare and *long life* the welfare of many depends, may live as innocently, and terminate his career as honourably, is a wish that Christian charity extorts from him. This is TRIM's BENEDICTION: with this he takes his leave of this restless and discontented being; and, he hopes, *for ever*.

ford School had near *threescore boys*, and the Master had more, in his own peculiar department, than either the Master of Ipperholme or Leeds. This Gentleman could not, perhaps, have afforded the World a stronger proof of his effrontery and propensity to falsehood; but

*Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
IntaHum Pallanta.*

The time will come, when Bobadil would give
His *cabbages*, his *nossegays*, yea, his *milk*,
That he had not attack'd and rush'd on TRIM.

F I N I S.

such an extensive and useful work, and the only one of the kind in the English language, he is entitled to a high rank in the history of literature. The work is not only useful, but also interesting, and it is a pleasure to read it.

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Soon will be published,

DEDICATED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK,

Colonel of the West-Battalion of the Yorkshire Militia,

THE BATTLE OF THE OYSTER-BED,

A POEM, IN TWO CANTOS.

Illustrated with

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

In which will be given a circumstantial Account of the Marches, and Counter-Marches of CAPTAIN BOBADIL and his Friend MAJOR STURGEON (the Mayor of Hartlepool) together with the several Manceuvres practised by those Heroes, on that memorable Day.

Ad arma

Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque.

HOR.

To the above will be prefixed,

A PLAN OF THE ENGAGEMENT,

In which will be exhibited those renowned Champions, retreating in good Order, and with great Judgment, at the *Head of their Troops*. The Captain continued to retreat, and never halted till he arrived, in Safety, on the Banks of the Ayre, at his strong Castle, consecrated to VENUS. There

Fotum gramio Dea tollit in altos

MYRTORUM LUCOS, ubi mollis Amaracus illum

Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.

VIRG.

This will appear probable, when it is considered that this Gentleman, according to Tradition, is the Son of VENUS by a certain PRIEST, who stole into her Temple at Midnight, and embraced the Goddess while she slept. Hence her Partiality for his Son (their common Offspring) and hence it comes to pass that the Captain, according to his *own Account*, has been so favourably received, and performed such Wonders within the small Circle of his Female Acquaintance.

"So should Desert in Arms be crown'd;"

And so determined MARS and VENUS, on their first happy *Rencontre* in the Bed of Love,

"None but the Brave,

"None but the Brave,

"None but the Brave deserves the Fair!"

10 FEB 59